

To gain time he opened his game bag as he ran and scattered the contents on the ground. From behind him came the yelps and snarls of the hungry wolves fighting over the food, then the chorus of mournful howls came to his ears again and the pack was after him once more.

He turned now and fired into the oncoming pack. There was a yelp or two from a hit wolf, then his last bullet was gone, and as he tossed away his gun and turned to run again they came on unchecked.

The leader of the pack was not a dozen yards behind him when he reached a tree. With a wild leap he grasped the lower branches and pulled himself out of reach just as the beast's jaws snapped together under his feet and the body crashed against the tree trunk.

When Anderson got his breath he looked down and started to count the snarling pack. He could see their vague gray shapes and their eyes gleaming like live coals in the darkness. There were 27 of them, and every one of them had but one object—to drag Anderson from his perch.

An hour passed, and still they were leaping and yelping. Another hour passed and their zeal waned a little. They trotted back and forth under the tree, while Anderson clung and shivered. And whenever one of them sat up on its haunches and howled all the rest would gather round and howl with it.

The wind from the north was damp and raw, and Anderson grew numb from the cold. Midnight came, and still the wolves kept up their vigil. The hours lengthened into ages.

Anderson began to lose hope. To fight the creeping numbness he broke off small branches and hurled them at the wolves. But soon he wearied of that.

He started to pray for dawn, because he did not want to die in the dark. Somehow, it did not seem so bad to die by daylight. And so he

prayed, half asleep, while his cramped limbs ached and his fingers were slipping—slipping. And then—

Anderson felt a blow that knocked him back to consciousness. He was on the ground and it was daylight. And the wolves were gone. He felt himself all over, kneaded his numbed muscles and found that he could rise and walk. Then he went and got his discarded gun and made his way home.



The night porter at a big hotel was astonished to see the figure of a man, scantily dressed, descending the stairs in the early hours of the morning. Tapping him on the shoulder, the porter said, brusquely: "What are you doing here?" The man turned and said, in a dazed way: "I beg your pardon. I am a somnambulist." "Well, sir," was the reply, "you can't walk about here like that, no matter what your religion is!"